

music atconvocation hall

Visiting Artist
Nan Hughes, mezzo soprano
with
Janet Scott Hoyt, piano

Friday, October 19, 2001
7:15 pm *Pre-Concert Introduction*
by **Malcolm Forsyth**
Main floor, Convocation Hall
8:00 pm *Concert*



Arts Building
University of Alberta

Program

Der Musensohn
Frühlingsglaube
Ganymed
Litanei
Die Forelle

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Chansons de Bilitis (1897)
La Flûte de Pan
La Chevelure
Le Tombeau des Naiades

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

Three Metis Folk Songs from Saskatchewan (1975)
1. Chanson du Petit Cordonnier
2. Adieu de la Mariée
3. Chanson de la Grenouillère

Malcolm Forsyth
(b. 1936)

Intermission

An die ferne Geliebte, Op. 98 (1816)
1. Auf dem Hügel
2. Wo die Berge so blau
3. Leichte Segler in den Höhen
4. Diese Wolken in den Höhen
5. Es kehret der Maien, es blühet die Au.
6. Nimm sie hin denn, diese Lieder

Ludwig van Beethoven
(1770-1827)

Siete Canciones Espagñoles (1914)
1. El Paño Moruno
2. Seguidilla Murciana
3. Asturiana
4. Jota
5. Nana
6. Canción
7. Polo

Manuel de Falla
(1876-1946)

Advertising Songs(1925)
And Then Her Doctor Told Her..
So Soft
Make This a Day for Plurodent!

Nicholas Slonimsky
(1894-1995)

Texts and Translations

Der Musensohn/Son of the Muses

Johann Wolfgang Goethe
Through field and through forest,
piping my song,
is how I roam from place to place!
And the whole world keeps time,
and moves in rhythm with me.

Impatiently I await
the first bloom in the garden,
the first blossom on the tree.
I greet them in my songs,
and when winter returns,
I still sing of them as a dream.

Far and wide I sing them,
throughout the icy realm.
then winter blossoms fair!
That flowering, too, passes,
and new delight is found
in the villages of the hills.

For when, by the lime tree,
on young folk I chance,
I rouse them in a trice.
The pumpkin puffs his chest out,
the prim maiden twirls
in time to my melody

You wing your favourite's feet,
and over hill and dale
drive him far from home.
Dear kindly Muses,
when, on her bosom,
shall I at last again find rest?

Frühlingsglaube/Spring Faith

Ludwig Uhland
Gentle breezes are awake,
murmuring, stirring night and day,
everywhere active, creative.
Oh fresh fragrance, oh new sounds!
Now, poor heart, be not afraid.
Now must all things, all things change.

Frühlingsglaube/Spring Faith (cont'd.)

Daily the world grows fairer,
what may yet come, we do not know,
to blooming there is no end;
the farthest, deepest valley blooms:
now, poor heart, forget your torment.
Now must all things, all things change.

Ganymed

Johann Wolfgang Goethe
How in the morning radiance
you glow upon me from all sides,
Spring beloved!
With love's thousandfold bliss
to my heart thrusts itself
your eternal ardour's sacred feeling,
beauty unending!

Might I clasp you
in these arms!

Ah, at your breast
I lie, languish,
and your flowers, your grass
thrust themselves to my heart.
You call the burning thirst of my bosom,
sweet morning wind!
The nightingale calls me
lovingly from the misty vale.

O come, I come!
Whither? Ah, whither?

Upwards! Upwards the striving
The clouds float down,
the clouds bow down to yearning love.
To me! To me!
In your lap upwards!
Embracing embraced!
Upwards to your bosom,
All-loving Father.

Litanei/Litanies

Johann Georg Jacobi
Rest in peace, all souls
Having ended anxious anguish,
Having finished sweet dreams
Weary of life, barely born
Departed this life.
All souls, rest in peace

Litanei/Litany (cont'd.)

Souls of loving maids
Whose tears are too numerous to count;
Who were abandoned by a false friend
And who were cast out by a blind world.
All departed from hence.
All souls rest in peace.

And those who never laughed at the sun,
Who were awake in moonlight, full of worries.
To see some day God himself
By the clear celestial light.
All departed from hence.
All souls, rest in peace.

Die Forelle/The Trout

Christian Friedrich Schubart

In a clear brooklet,
in lively haste,
the wayward trout flashed arrow-like by.
Standing on the bank,
contentedly I watched the jolly little fish
swimming the clear brook.

An angler, with rod,
stood on the bank,
cold-bloodedly noting the fish's twists and turns.
As long as the water remains so clear, I thought,
he'll never take the trout with his rod.

But at last the thief tired of waiting.
Artfully, he muddied the brooklet,
and the next moment,
a flick of the rod,
and there writhed the fish;
and I, with blood boiling,
looked at the deceived one.

Chansons de Bilitis/The Songs of Bilitis

Pierre Louÿs

La Flûte de Pan/Pan's Flute

For Hyacinthus' day he gave me a flute made of neatly cut reeds joined
together with white wax as sweet as honey to my lips.

He teaches me to play, sitting on his lap; but I tremble a bit. He plays
it after me, so softly that I can barely hear him.

La Flûte de Pan/Pan's Flute (cont'd.)

We have nothing to say to each other, so close are we to each other; but our songs try to answer each other, and by turns our mouths meet on the flute.

It is late; there is the song of the green frogs that start up at nightfall.

My mother will never believe that I have spent so long a time in searching for my lost sash.

La Chevelure/The Hair

He told me: "Last night I had a dream. Your hair was around my neck. Your hair was like a black collar around my neck and upon my chest.

"I caressed it and it was mine: and we were bound together thus forever, by the same hair, mouth against mouth, as two laurels often have but one root.

"And gradually, so intertwined were our members, it seemed to me that I was becoming you, or that you were entering into me like a dream."

When he had finished, he gently placed his hands on my shoulders, and he looked at me with so tender a look that I lowered my eyes with a shiver.

Le Tombeau des Naiades/The Tomb of the Naiads

I walked through the frost-covered woods; my hair across my mouth blossomed with tiny icicles, and my sandals were heavy and caked with muddy snow.

He spoke to me: "What are you seeking?"

"I am following the track of a satyr, his tiny cloven footprints are laid out like holes in a white mantle."

He said: "The satyrs are dead. The satyrs and the nymphs too. For thirty years, there has not been so terrible a winter. The tracks you see are those of a stag. But let us stay here, where their tomb is."

And with the blade of his hoe he broke the ice of the springs where the Naiads had once laughed. He picked up the huge cold fragments and, raising them to the pale sky, he peered through them.

Three Metis Songs From Saskatchewan

Chanson du Petit Cordonnier/The Little Shoemaker

I made a mistress, three days ago.

On Sunday, I went to visit her.

On Monday, without delay,

I will ask for her hand.

When her father heard this,

No, you will not have my daughter.

She had better listen carefully,

For this is a penniless boy

who wants her for her wealth.

Chanson du Petit Cordonnier/The Little Shoemaker (cont'd.)

When her brother who was listening, heard this:
dear Father, control your anger,
For he is a man of honour,
Let him have my sister.

Lisette, oh my Lisette,
Give me your handerchief
To wipe the tears flowing on my white face.
Ah, tears, oh my sweet eyes,
Therefore farewell Lisette.

But a handkerchief,
I don't have one on me.
Go in my bedroom and open my dresser at the head of,
ah! my bed, so farewell my handsome friend.

The one who wrote this little song
Is a little shoemaker riding on his horse;
It was while sewing shoe soles and hammering heels
That he composed this song.

Adieu de la Mariée/Farewell of the Bride

On the bank of a stream,
on the bank of a flowing stream,
I heard the voice of a bird saying in its language,
"God bless young people who are setting up house".

On the first day, it is the wedding:
What dress should one wear?
The white dress, the dress for rejoicing,
but also the hat of worry and the necklace of suffering.

On the day after the wedding, one must pack,
looking back at the door with deep regret.
Oh yes! I will miss very much my birthplace.
I had always said, avoid marriage.

Oh my daughter, who forced you, who made you do it?
It was your own decision.
Have I not always said that in marriage,
God blesses young people who are setting up house.

Farewell Father, farewell Mother, brothers and sisters and relatives.
I am setting up house.
It is not for one year, it is for the rest of my life.
I am heading for misery.
It is for the rest of my life, I am setting up house.

Chanson de la Grenouillère/Son of the Frog Plain

Do you want to hear a song which tells the truth?
On June the nineteenth, the band of the Boi-Brules
Arrived like brave warriors.

Whe we reached the Frog Plain,
We made three prisoners:
Three prisoners of the Arkany
who are here to loot our country.

When they were about to disembark;
two of our people began shouting.
There is the Englishman coming to attack us!
La la la....

The Governor, who thinks he is the Emperor,
wants to act with rigour,
but he acted with too much rigour,
causing his own misfortune.
La la la....

An die ferne Geliebte/To the Distant Beloved

Aloys Jeitteles

Auf dem Hügel/On the Hill-top

I sit on the hill-top and gaze
into the misty blue land,
looking towards those meadows far away
where I first found you, my love.

Now I am far from you,
mountain and valley separate us
from each other, from our peace,
from our happiness, from our sorrow.

Alas, you cannot see the fiery gaze
directed towards you,
and my sighs are lost
in the space that divides us.

Will nothing reach you,
will nothing be a messenger of love?
I will sing, then, I will sing songs
that speak to you of my anguish.

For sounds of love can be put to flight
all space and all time;
and a loving heart may be reached
by what a loving heart has hallowed.

Wo die Berge so blau/The Blue Mountains

Where the blue mountains
look towards me
out of the grey mists,
where the sun sheds its last rays
and the clouds roll by--
there I would like to be!

There, in the silent valley,
pain and anguish cease.

There, where among the rocks
the primrose meditates silently,
where the wind blows so softly--
there I would like to be!

I am driven to the pensive wood
by the power of love
and the anguish within.

Nothing would draw me from here,
if only, my love,
I could be always with you.

Leichte Segler in den Höhen/Light Clouds Sailing on High

You light coulds sailing on high;
and you, narrow little brook;
if you can spy out my love,
bring her a thousand greetings from me.

If, O clouds, you then see her walk
deep in thought in the quiet valley--
conjure up my image before her
in the airy dome of the sky.

If she stands by the bushes
that are now autumnally pale and bare--
then, O birds, lament my fate
and tell her of my anguish.

Soft west winds, waft my sighs
towards her my heart has chosen--
sighs that vanish
like the sun's last ray.

Whisper my loving supplication to her
narrow little brook!
In her ripples show her faithfully
my numberless tears.

Diese Wolken in den Höhen/These Clouds on High

These clouds on high
this gay flock of birds--
they will see you, gracious one.
O take me with you in your effortless flight!

These west winds will merrily play

about your cheek and bosom.

They will agitate your silken tresses.

If I could only share in your delight!

This brooklet hastens
eagerly towards you from those hills.
If you find her image mirrored in your waters,
flow back without delay!

Es Kehret der Maien/May is Returning

May is returning, the meadow is in flower,
the winds blow mild and warm,
the brooks flow chattering on.

The swallow, returning to the hospitable roof,
eagerly builds her bridal chamber--
love shall dwell within.

Busily she brings from every direction
soft scraps for her bridal bed,
warm scraps for her little ones.

Now the pair lives faithfully together;
What winter parted, May has joined.
May knows how to bring lovers together.

May is returning, the meadow is in flower,
the winds blow mild and warm;
only I cannot go where I would.

When springtime unites all lovers
our love alone knows no spring,
and gains nothing but tears.

Nimm sie hinn denn, diese Lieder/Take These Songs Now

Take these songs now

Which I sang to you, my love.

Sing them over to yourself in the evening
to the sweet sound of the lute.

When the red glow of evening then passes
to the still blue lake,
and the last ray flashes to its end
behind those mountain heights;

And you sing what I sang,
what issued from my overflowing heart
without an artist's ostentation
(I was conscious only of my longing):

Then the distance that parted us
is surmounted by these songs,
and a loving heart is reached
by what a loving heart has hallowed.

Siete Canciones populares Españolas/Seven Spanish Folk Songs

Manuel deFalla

El Paño Moruno/The Moorish Cloth

The fine red cloth in the shop

A stain has ruined it.

For a lower price it now sells
because it has lost its value.

Ay!

Seguidilla Murciana/Seguidilla from Murcia

He who has a house made of stones

Shouldn't throw stones at his neighbours.

We are muleteers and perhaps we will meet on the road.

For your great infidelity
I will compare you
to a small coin that changes hands so often
that finally it wears away,
and believing it to be a fake,
No one will touch it!

Asturiana/Asturian Song

To see if I could console mywelf
I leaned agaist a green pine tree.
To see if I could console myself.

To see me cry, it cried.
Yes, the pine, as it was green,
To see me cry, it cried too.

Jota/Jota

They say that we don't love one another
Because they don't see us speak.
If only they would ask your heart or mine!
They say that we don't love one another
Because they don't see us speak.

I must leave you now
From your house and from your window
and though it doesn't please your mother.
Goodbye until tomorrow, beautiful girl!

I must leave you
Although it displease your mother...

Nana/Lullaby

Sleep little baby boy.
Sleep my soul.
Sleep bright star of the morning.
Little, little lullaby
sleep little star
of the morning.

Canción/Song

Your eyes are traitors!
I wish I could bury them.
You don't know what they cost.(My god!)
beautiful girl to see them (Mother,I'm on the brink!)
They say we don't love each other.
We did love one another!
My former gain is worth more (My god!)
than my current loss (Mother, I'm on the brink!).

Polo/Polo

Ay! I have a pain in my breast
that I will tell to no one!

Cursed be love!
Ay!!!
And the one who made me wise!
Ay!!

Advertising Songs (Words from Magazine Advertisements)
Nicholas Slonimsky

And Then the Doctor Told Her..

And then her doctor told her..
For sometime she had not been herself..
She was down, languid, tired
each day before her work began.
One day she called on her doctor.
He advised to eat bran muffins,
made according to Pilsbury's recipe.
Pilsbury's marvelous natural laxative..
He knew the underlying cause of her trouble.
It was a result of faulty elimination.
Eat bran muffins!
There is health and delight in every bite!
And this her doctor told her..

So Soft

So soft, so smooth, so snowywhite.
Utica sheets and pillowcases.
Spread them upon the bed
And see! There isn't even a wrinkle!
Launder them and you will feel
How strong is their fabric!
Enjoy this sturdy quality,
Whiteness, reliability.
And sleep and dream in comfort and in peace.
So soft, so smooth, so snowy-white,
These linens from Utica.

Make This a Day for Plurodent!

Make this a day you never will forget,
And celebrate a great event!
A brand new toothpaste has been created.
Its glorious name is Plurodent!
Film on your teeth
ferments and forms an acid,
That vicious film that clings to teeth.
Use Plurodent, the dentists all advise it.
And watch its wondrous natural effects!
See how your teeth become so white and shiny,
See how your mouth enjoys a new delight!
Make this a day, you never forget it!
Make this a day of Plurodent!

Nan Hughes is a versatile artist whose musical interests have taken her around the world, including concerts with the Norddeutscher Rundfunk Orchestra in Hamburg (in a special live broadcast of Penderecki's music, conducted by the composer), and the Edmonton, London and Vancouver symphonies in Canada. As winner of the Artists International competition, she gave her New York debut recital at Carnegie hall in 1994. In the summer of 1995, she added the songs of Marlene Dietrich and Edith Piaf to her repertoire, performing a European cabaret at the Banff Festival for the Arts and has taught there for the past five years.

As well as operatic engagements, Ms. Hughes has a growing discography. She attended the Juilliard Opera Center and holds a MM from Boston University and a BA (*cum laude*) from Harvard. She resides in New York City and Banff.

Janet Scott Hoyt is widely known as a pianist, teacher and adjudicator. Her university studies were completed at the University of Alberta. Further studies were done in Europe with Cecile Genhart and at The Banff Centre with Gyorgy Sebok and Menachem Pressler. Since 1973, she has been a member of the music faculty at The Banff Centre, and in 1995, was nominated to lead the Collaborative Pianists Faculty there. Through her long association with The Banff Arts Festival, she has performed with many artists of international reputation and with students from around the world. She was named to the piano faculty of the Department of Music at the University of Alberta in 1998.

The CLASSICS



"Music is well said to be
the speech of angels."
Thomas Carlyle (1795-1881)

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Sun from 10:30 PM till 1 AM

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Upcoming Events

October

21 Sunday, 8:00 pm

Master of Music Recital

David Sawatzky, Choral Conducting

Program will include works by Bach,
Brahms and Schütz.

Free admission

28 Sunday, 8:00 pm

Memorial Concert

In Memoriam: David Roxburgh

In benefit of music scholarships
co-sponsored by the Edmonton
Composers' Concert Society
and The Department of Music

29 Monday, 12:00 pm

Noon-Hour Organ Recital

The recital presents a variety of organ
repertoire played by students, faculty and
guests of the University of Alberta.
Department of Music. Free admission

31 Wednesday, 5:00 pm

Violin Masterclass

with Visiting Artist

Ivan Zenaty

Fine Arts Building 2-32

Admission: \$15/Auditor

Call 492-9410 for more information

November

2 Friday, 12:00 pm

The Centre for Ethnomusicology

World Music Sampler

Fine Arts Building, 2nd floor foyer
Free admission

4 Sunday, 8:00 pm

The University of Alberta

Academy Strings

Tanya Prochazka, conductor

Program will include works by Forsyth,
Respighi, R Strauss and Vivaldi

5 Monday, 12:00 pm

Music at Noon, Convocation Hall

Student Recital Series featuring
students from the Department of Music.
Free admission

8 Thursday, 9:30 am

with Visiting Artist

Mayumi Seiler

Fine Arts Building 1-29

Admission: \$15/Auditor

Call 492-9410 for more information

10 Saturday, 8:00 pm

Visiting Artist Recital

Annette Vogel, violin with

Ayako Tsuruta (Faculty), piano

Works by Women Composers: Viardot,
Hensel-Mendelssohn and Farrenc



Unless otherwise indicated

Admission: \$5/student/senior, \$10/adult

Convocation Hall, Arts Building

Please note: All concerts and events are subject to change without notice. Please call 492-0601 to confirm concerts (after office hours a recorded message will inform you of any changes to our schedule).



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